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task which is to be discovered by observation of those actually performing the task." The normal and standard method of organizing superintendence I believe to be the one outlined above. I have endeavored to apply the scientific management principle of functional foremanship to a correct analysis of function. If I have done this, efficiency is bound to result. Of course we can never dispense with the fundamental necessity of faith, hope, and love.

To quote Mathews again, "One of the most beneficial results of proper analysis of function, and therefore of the tasks of the church, would be the opening up of positions in the church for more members." The scheme outlined above presents five tasks of big import, each of which might well appeal to a man who likes to see a task efficiently performed, and who would enter with enthusiasm into a task of superintendence that would demand energy and ability of man—caliber; and that would associate itself naturally with his life-work.

THE SUPREMACY OF THE BIBLE

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Sometimes we are tempted to take too many things for granted, and at such moments it is well to face our situation and endeavor as best we can to review these our preconceptions. Particularly do those of us who are concerned with the historical and critical study of the Bible need to refresh our hearts with a renewed appreciation of what the Bible as a whole is. Dr. Newton's article will help us in this particular. Quite outside of the field of research or theological dispute, it summons us all to a renewed loyalty to the book which lies back of western civilization and beneath our hopes for the future.

I

My subject takes it to be a fact that the Bible is the one supreme book of the world. And so it is. Argument is unnecessary; the fact proves it. No one denies it who has any regard at all either for the witness of history or for the realities of life. As Seeley said, the greatest work of individual literary genius shows by the side of the Bible like some building of human hands beside the Peak of Teneriffe. With

this let us join the words of Scherer, written out of the depths of his skepticism: "If there is anything certain in the world it is that the destiny of the Bible is linked with the destiny of holiness on earth." Not only was the Bible the loom on which our own language was woven, but it has a place equally in the history and the heart of mankind which no other book may ever hope to have.

Even those who have assailed the Bible have seldom, if ever, assailed the

book itself, but nearly always some dogma about the Bible. By the same token, those who defend the Bible more often defend some theory about it, forgetting that the fate of the Bible is not bound up with the fortunes of any dogma as to its origin, infallibility, or authority. There is no need that anyone defend the Bible. It is the Bible that defends us from the besieging vanities of life, from the rude cynicism of the world, from the lusts of the flesh and the fear of the grave. What men need to do is to be still and listen to its great and simple words, telling the story of God and the Soul and their eternal life together; and whoso does that will know what poor Heine meant when he wrote these words from what he called his mattress grave:

I attribute my enlightenment entirely and simply to the reading of a book. Of a book! Yes, and it is an old honest book, modest as nature, modest as the sun which warms us, as the bread which nourishes us, a book as full of love and blessing as the old mother who reads it with her dear, trembling lips; and this book is the Bible. With right it is named the Holy Scriptures. He who has lost his God can find Him again in this book; and he who has never known Him is here struck by the breath of the Divine Word.

Because this is so, because the Bible is so much wiser than its defenders, what is here said of its unique supremacy is by way of illustration, not in proof of my thesis. If we contrast the Bible with other venerated writings, we find that it stands alone and apart, very unlike the Upanishads, the Zend-Avesta, and the Koran, not only because it is so much more practical, so much less

speculative, so rich and varied in its music; but because it shows us, more clearly than any other, the growth of man in his knowledge of God, of himself, of good and evil, of law and love and truth. In fact, it is a Book of Life, not a mere record of intellectual speculation about life, and as a man reads it he sees, as in a mirror, the history of his own soul. Moreover, it comes to us from a time when men saw the big meanings of life with a freshness of insight, a directness unobscured by passage through media that blur and confuse, without learned subtleties and those ingenious concealments which rob us of reality. Written before life was "sick-lid o'er with the pale cast of thought," it has a vividness, a vitality, a sanity, an artless simplicity, and a lucidity as of the morning light, not to be found anywhere else.

Thirty years ago a great savant characterized the Bible as a collection of the rude imaginings of Syria, the worn-out old bottle of Judaism into which the generous new wine of science was being poured. No doubt he was angry when he said so, else he would not have said a thing so foolish. Whereupon the noblest literary critic of our day stated once for all the reason why, from the point of view of literature alone, the Bible lives and will live when we and all those now upon the earth have fallen into dust. He said:

The new wine of science is a generous vintage, undoubtedly, and deserves all the respect it gets from us; so do those who make it and serve it out; they have so much intelligence; they are so honest and so fearless. But whatever may become of their new wine in a few years, when the

wine-dealers shall have passed away, when the savant is forgotten as any star-gazer of Chaldea—the “old bottle” is going to be older yet—the Bible is going to be eternal. For that which decides the vitality of any book is precisely that which decides the value of any human soul—not the knowledge it contains, but simply the attitude it assumes towards the universe, unseen as well as seen. The attitude of the Bible is just that which every soul must, in its highest and truest moods, always assume—that of a wise wonder in front of such a universe as this—that of a noble humility before a God such as “He in whose great hand we stand.” This is why—like that precious Cup of Jemshid, imagined by the Persians—the Bible reflects today, and will reflect forever, every wave of human emotion, every passing event of human life—reflects them as faithfully as it did to the great and simple people in whose great and simple tongue it was written. Coming from the heart of man it goes straight to the heart. This is the kind of literature that never does die: a fact which the world has discovered long ago.

Here the point is that, as a record of human life in the gray years of old, and apart from its divine revelation, the Bible belongs to the things immortal and will live while human nature is the same. Consider for a moment this fact, established as it is by the terrible testing of time, and you will see why all attacks on the Bible fail, and why any defense of it is unnecessary. Our great critic—it is Watts-Dunton, if you would know his name—proceeds to discuss the style of the Bible, which he calls the “great style,” more easily recognized than defined, but which he ventures to define as unconscious power blended with unconscious grace. This style, so august in its simplicity and truthfulness, allows

a writer to touch upon any subject with no risk of defilement, because it tells the thing as it is with a clarity which leaves no suggestion of evil. Also, whensoever this style is attained, it moves with the rhythm of life itself, lifting us into a realm where a thousand years are as a day, and where a whisper echoes forever. That is why the heart-cry of an exile in old Babylon, or an echo of an hour of prayer in the hills of Judea, lives and speaks to the heart of man today, as if time were a fiction. As we may read:

Now the great features of Bible rhythm are a recognized music apart from a recognized law—“artifice” so completely abandoned that we forget we are in the realm of art—pauses so divinely set that they seem to be “wood-notes wild”—though all the while they are, and must be, governed by a mysterious law too subtly sweet to be formulated; and all kinds of beauties infinitely beyond the triumphs of the metricist, but beauties that are unexpected. There is a metre, to be sure, but it is that of the “moving music which is life”; it is the living metre of the surging sea within the soul of him who speaks. And if this is so in other parts of the Bible, what is it in the Psalms, where the flaming steeds of song, though really kept strongly in hand, seem to run reinless as the wild horses of the wind?

II

Let me illustrate a little, if only to show how high the simplest words of the Bible tower above the loftiest peaks of poetry, as the Alps out-top the masonry of man. Take the eulogy of man which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Hamlet, and which has been called the point where the master poet

raised prose to the sublimest pitch of verse. The words are familiar:

That goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

There is the rich and fluent style of the spacious days of Elizabeth—ornate, apostrophic, brilliant. Here is wonder indeed, albeit not that "wise wonder" in front of a universe now luminous and lovely, now dark and terrible, of which our critic speaks. Nor do we find here that noble humility before Him in whose great hand we stand. How much deeper and truer, how much more faithful to reality are these lines from the eighth Psalm on exactly the same theme; how simple they are in their stripped simplicity, how chaste and moving their music, touched with that haunting pathos which one hears in all Bible melody:

When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that Thou visitest him? For Thou hast made him but a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou hast made him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowls of the air, and the fish of

the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

Surely it is something more than old associations which makes the sundering difference between these two passages. How tawdry and highflown the one seems alongside the grave and simple truthfulness of the other; how world-far they are apart in their attitudes toward the life of man and his place in the order of the world. Both celebrate the dignity of man, but in what different ways, against what different backgrounds: one under a roof fretted with golden fire, the other under a sky that has no roof nor rafter; one as if man were a kind of god exiled on a sterile promontory, the other full of wonder that God is even mindful of a being so fragile and fleeting. The difference is fundamental, and it justifies the saying of Newman that in the Bible, and most of all in the Gospels, there is a manifestation of the divine so special as to make it appear, from the contrast, as if nothing were known of God where the Bible is unknown. Of course this is not true, for God has not left himself without witnesses in any land or age; but if anyone would feel the full force of the fact, let him take any book known to man, even the greatest, and read it alongside the Bible.

Of the influence of the Bible on civilization much has been written, but the story has never been and can never be told. Even as far back as the days of Chrysostom, the Bible could be read in languages Syrian, Indian, Persian, Armenian, Scythian, and Samaritan. Now it can be read in almost every tongue under heaven, and the fact that it is the one book that can be universally translated

is a touching proof that God is not far from any tribe, and that in the lowest human being his image shines. Poor raiment for his word many of those dialects are, but somehow that mighty book can clothe itself in each. One version, however, and that infinitely slower and more difficult to make, remains to be achieved, and that is the translation of the Bible into the life of humanity. When that translation is finished, as it will be at last, there will be a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness and the peace of God.

III

And this brings us to the central and grand fact about the Bible, by which it is set apart from all other books whatsoever, and which invests it with an ineffable power and beauty: it is the Book of the Presence of God. Wherever the Bible goes it brings a sense of the presence of God. Its first truth is God, its last truth is God, the basis of its uprising passion and prophecy, the keynote of its far-sounding melody, is the reality of God, whose presence is the splendor of the world, and whose awful will the sun and stars obey. When he is known to be near, all things are transfigured; when he is felt to be far away, its music becomes a cry in the night. It does not argue about God; it reveals him, and the romance of its story is the unfolding of his life in the tangled and turbulent life of man. Hence the progress of faith portrayed in the Bible; but in the struggle and conflict of all those groping generations the living God abides, and man walks in the midst of revelations.

If we inquire in what way God makes himself known to man in the Bible, we ask the profoundest questions in the entire range of religious interests: Does the eternal God speak to man? If so, how? No one may answer such questions, except to say that truth may be regarded either as the gift of God or as the achievement of man, because it is both. Every truth is, from the divine side, revelation, and from the human, discovery. Jacob wrestling with the angel in the dawn is the eternal parable of revelation. For, if truth is a gift it is also a trophy, since even the divine reason is unable to disclose his truth to man until, by virtue of his growth of soul, man is ready and worthy and willing to receive it. Thus, every truth that God gives man wins, and every truth that man wins from the mystery of life God bestows. Since God and man are interwoven in the finding of truth, collaborators, so to speak, in the process of revelation, how can man know when the thought of God is made known to him? Here is the crux of the whole matter, and we need not hesitate to face it frankly and reverently.

There are two ways by which we may know where human thought ends and the divine thought is revealed: by insight and by experience. And the Bible shows itself to be unique and supreme by both tests. For example, take any great book and one can tell instantly, not only by the sweep and rhythm and majesty of certain pages where the thought of the writer passes beyond itself, but also by the response which it evokes in the depths of his own soul. For the thoughts of man at their highest and purest carry in them, as the

clouds carry the sunlight, the thoughts of the eternal. Farther than this we cannot go, unless it be in that amazing sentence in the *Morals of the Book of Job*, by St. Gregory, where, in speaking of the manner in which God makes himself known to angels, he writes:

For because no corporeal obstacle is in the way of a spiritual being, God speaks to His holy angels in the very act of his revealing to their hearts His inscrutable secrets, that whatsoever they ought to do they may read it in the simple contemplation of truth, and that the very delights of contemplation should be like a vocal precept, for that is as it were spoken to them as hearers which is inspired in them as beholders.

Beyond those words no one may venture into the ineffable mystery of the revelation of God to men or angels; and that is why the Bible, albeit a book of the people which were of old, is eternal, fresh as the morning light, exempt from the touch of time because it is timeless. Often it resembles the natural world in its elevations and depressions, but in its great hours it speaks for eternity in words childlike in simplicity, awful in their clarity, and we know, by the mighty answer of our own hearts, that we are listening to the truth about life and death. Whether it be the story of a wayfarer dreaming on a stony bed, the commands of a moral lawgiver in the wilderness, the sob of a Psalmist in his sin, the prophetic vision of Isaiah, or the words of Him who spake as never man spake, when we read it we cry out, as Kepler did when he looked through his glass into the sky, "O Lord, I think Thy thoughts after Thee."

Moreover, by the testimony of ages of human living, the moral teachings of

the Bible, and its laws of the life of the spirit, have shown themselves to be among the things that cannot be shaken. Nations disregard them, and fall into ruin. Men defy them, and die in the dust. Even today, in these new and changed times, the pages of the Hebrew prophets might be wet with fresh tears because of the sorrows of the broken and fallen in our midst. The experience of humanity in its moral victory and defeat becomes, in this way, a witness to the supremacy of the Bible, confirming alike its spiritual vision and its system of moral values. It is therefore that the Bible lives, not by fiat, but because it is the Book of the Eternal Life in the midst of time, and of its influence and power there will be no end.

IV

Between the Old and New Testaments there is a gulf, not only as to time, but as to the manner in which God is revealed, as if the river of life, having run under ground for a space, burst forth into a fountain of light and healing. If in the Old Testament we are shown the contrast between God and man—His greatness and our littleness, His eternity and our pathetic mortality—the New Testament reveals the kinship of God and man. Communion with God in the New Testament is not, as in the Old, a dialogue of one person with another, but the infusion of a new life by an indwelling spirit. As Luther said long ago, the supreme office of the Bible is to show us Christ, and in him all that we need to know even if we never see any other book.

Again, to state the fact is to prove it. Surely the life of Christ, as incom-

parable in its art as it is ineffable in its revelation of what lies at the heart of this dark world, sets the Bible apart as forever supreme and unapproachable. So much is this so, indeed, that it seems as needless to discuss the uniqueness of the Bible as to defend it from assault. If one will not hear that Biography of Love, that Memoir of Pity, that Historic Record of Redeeming Grace, neither will he believe though one arise from the dead. There is disclosed the heart of the eternal, the crowning glory of the Bible, and the sovereign beauty of the world: at once a revelation and a redemption. As St. Jerome put it in the preface to his Commentary on Isaiah: "If, according to St. Paul, Christ is 'the power of God and the wisdom of God,' one who knows not the Scriptures knows not that power and wisdom; for ignorance of the Scriptures is ignorance of Christ." If the spirit of Jesus is more diffused now than when Jerome wrote, it is still true that our life and literature, so far as they are imbued with His truth, reflect the light of the Gospels.

Add now the twenty centuries of high, heroic Christian experience, so rich, so radiant, so profound, deriving, as it so gratefully confesses, from the story of the life of Christ in the Bible, and the testimony is transcendent! Here the facts are overwhelming, so that he who runs may read, showing that wherever the Bible goes there go light and hope, and noble human living—tenderness in the family, righteousness in the state, and honor among men. What the Bible has meant to our poor humanity, and will yet mean to unknown ages hidden in the womb of time, by virtue of its power to cleanse the

sinful, heal the broken of heart, and lift into faith and love those attacked by despair, wasted by weariness, or worn with grief, no mortal pen can recite. Take a single page from the story of the Bible in New Guinea, typical of ten thousand volumes of Christian history, and it tells us facts more to be prized than the discovery of a new star in the sky:

I have myself seen murderers and cannibals live peaceful lives. I have seen shameless thieves and robbers become honest; I have seen the lascivious and filthy become pure; I have seen the quarrelsome and selfish become kind and gentle. But I have never heard of such changes arising from any other agency than that of the Word whose entrance bringeth life, and whose acceptance is the power of God unto salvation.

Now and again a great heroic soul, or some humble, obscure saint, shows us what life is when the Bible is translated into character—how it makes God real and near, investing these fleeting days with enduring significance and sanctity: how it strengthens what is weak, softens what is hard, and touches the whole nature to beauty and fineness; how it fortifies the soul against those blind fears which no one can name but which make a secret terror in the way; how it heals those profound sorrows of which we hardly dare to speak, not by mere lapse of time or the induration of the heart, but by transfiguring the old tenderness into a new solace; and how, at last, it flings an arch of promise across the all-devouring grave, linking our mortal life with a life that shall endless be.

I have not finished, but I must stop. It is of no use to go on. I feel that

what hovers before me, although it is so vivid, is not to be told save by the Bible itself, which, as I have said at the outset, needs no one to speak for it. Nay, it is the Bible that speaks in my behalf, and as I listen debate

ceases, difficulties are forgotten, anxiety disappears, and I am as a child in the arms of One who knows what I am, whence I came, why I am here, and whither I go, and who smiles at my terrors.

THE ABUSE OF BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGY

(Concluded)

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Turning from the New Testament to the Old Testament it is well to ask at this point: Will the theories of the pan-Babylonists stand the test of archaeology? Will they bear the full light of scientific fact? Have not its theories been so loudly proclaimed and dogmatically asserted that many have taken loud and dogmatic assertion for proof? What can we think of the life and religion of Israel if pan-Babylonism is correct? They have appealed to Caesar and it is well that they should go for trial.

Few books have caused a greater stir in the world of biblical studies than the celebrated lectures given by Friedrich Delitzsch in Berlin under the title *Babel and Bible*,¹ with the subtitle, "Three Lectures on the Significance of Assyriological Research for Religion." Now that some years have passed since the delivery of these lectures we can gauge their findings better, perhaps, than could the hearers. There is no question that Delitzsch has brought

together many rays of light to shine upon the Old Testament, but at the same time we have to state that he has abused the archaeological evidence by making it bear more than it legitimately can. The impression is left, after reading the lectures, that he has too much idealized Babel while depreciating Bible, that he has considered the best elements in Babel and the worst in Bible, that he has had eyes only for what was noblest and best in Babylonian life and literature while noting only the lower elements in Israel. We do not say that this was the author's intention, though the entire material is given as if a case had to be made out at any price. Cornill, speaking of the first chapters, writes:

The impression that the lecture is apt to make on unprofessional readers is that the Bible and its religion is to a certain extent a mere offshoot of Babylonian heathendom which we have "in purer and more original form" in Babel; and this impression is intensified by the fact that

¹ The edition I use is that published by the Open Court Publishing Company, and embodies "the most important criticisms and author's replies."